THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF...

TUROK

DINOSAUR HUNTER®

TRUMAN • MORALES • DUNN

VALIANT

0

NOV

$2.50

3.50 CAN

ACCLAIM COMICS, INC.

DEEM

DAVE SEELOW

TUROK
DINOSAUR HUNTER®

WRITTEN BY
TIMOTHY TRUMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY
RAGS MORALES

PAINTED BY
BILL DUNN

LETTERED BY
ADAM NIEDZWIECKI

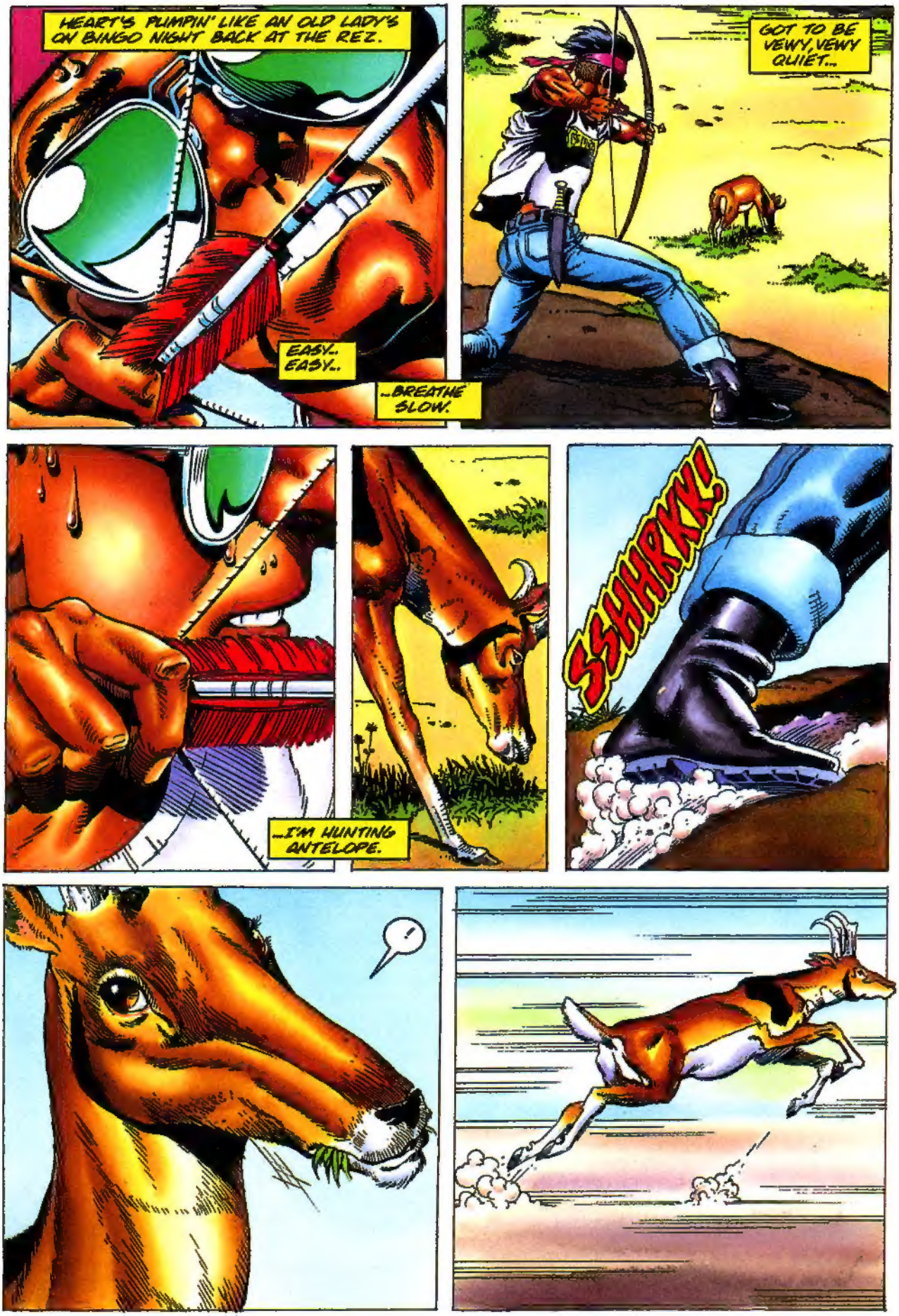
EDITED BY
MAURICE FONTENOT
& ROBIN KLEIN

SUPERVISED BY
BOB LAYTON

COVER BY
RAGS MORALES
& BILL DUNN

TUROK, DINOSAUR HUNTER© Vol.1 No. 0 November 1995. Published by VALIANT®, a division of Acclaim Comics Inc., Steven J. Massarsky, President. Office of Publication: 275 Seventh Avenue, New York, NY 10001. ©1995 Acclaim Comics, Inc. Turok is a registered trademark of Western Publishing Inc. All other characters herein and the distinctive likenesses thereof which originally appeared in publications originally published by Western Publishing Company, Inc. are trademarks of Western Publishing Company, Inc. All other characters herein and the distinctive likenesses thereof are trademarks of Acclaim Comics Inc. All rights reserved. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any persons living or dead, or any institution is intended and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in Canada.

THE TANOAN FLATS, KIOWA-APACHE RESERVATION, SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTHWESTERN U.S.
GOT TO BE SOMEWHERE UP AHEAD...
...TRACKS ARE FRESH...
...LEADING OVER THIS RIDGE.
WIND BLOWING AWAY FROM THE VALLEY.
GOOD.
GOTCHA.
PRONGHORN. BIG 'UN, TOO.


HEART'S PUMPIN' LIKE AN OLD LADY'S ON BINGO NIGHT BACK AT THE REZ.
EASY.. EASY..
..BREATHE SLOW.
GOT TO BE VEWY, VEWY QUIET...
..I'M HUNTING ANTELOPE.
SSHHRKK!

DOMINI CANES

IF I HAD THE RIFLE INSTEAD OF THIS CHEAP BOW, I'D BE GUTTING THAT PRONGHORN RIGHT NOW!

DON'T BLAME THE BOW, ANDY. BLAME YOUR FEET-- AND THOSE BOOTS YOU WEAR.

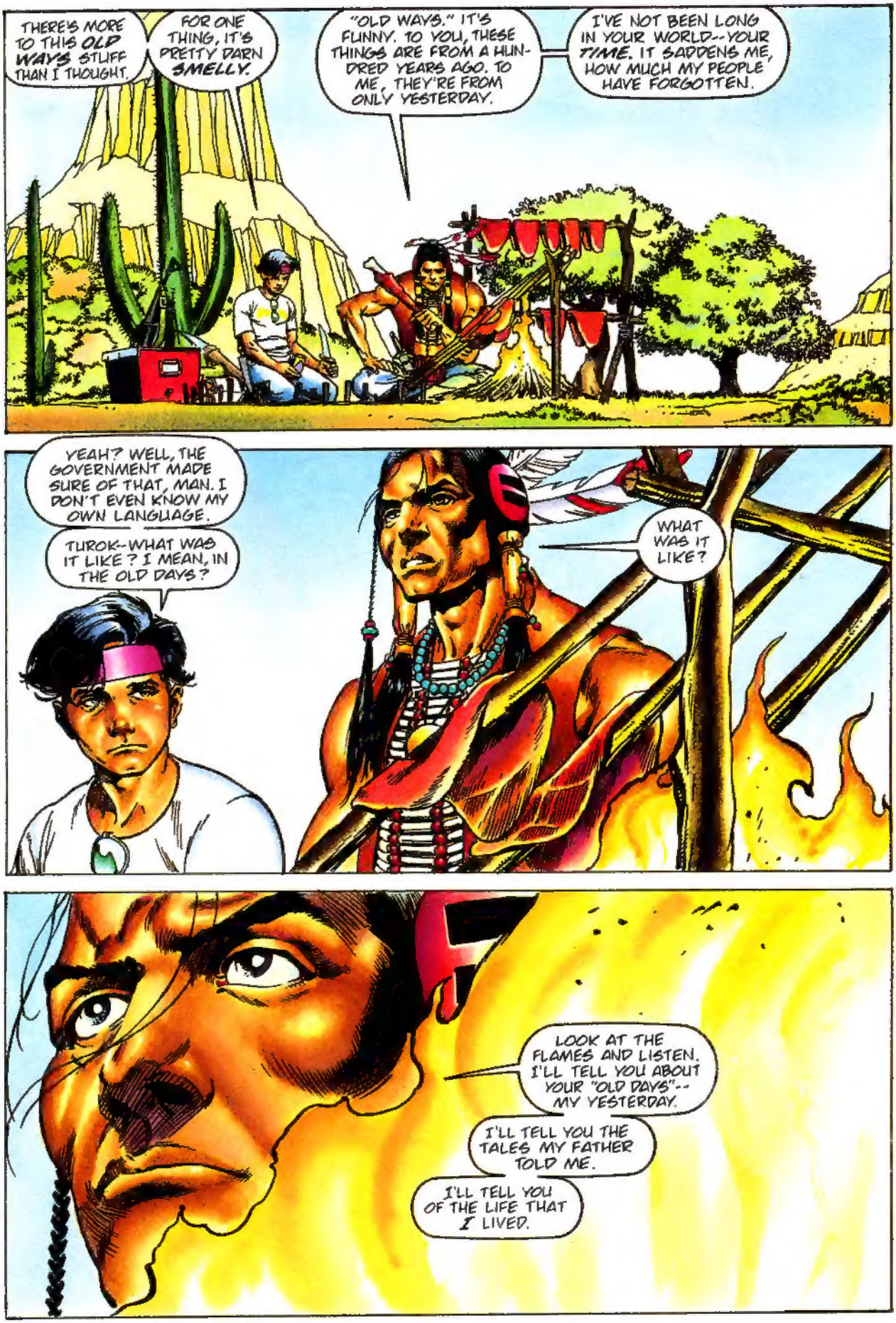
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH!
THOSE BOOTS ARE HOT, MY FEET HURT, AND I'M SO HUNGRY, I COULD EAT THE SOUTH END OF SOME NORTHBOUND ROADKILL!

WE'VE BEEN EATING NOTHING BUT PIÑON NUTS AND BACON GREASE FOR TWO DAYS!
CAN'T YOU SEE I'M NO GOOD AT THIS BACK-TO-THE-TEEPEE CRAP?!

WHY DON'T YOU JUST GIVE UP?
TEMPTING.
BUT I MADE A PROMISE TO YOUR GRANDFATHER ANDAR.

SOME MEN ARE GOOD AT THIS. SOME ARE NOT.
YOUR GRANDFATHER ANDAR WAS WORSE THAN MOST, WHEN HE WAS FIRST GIVEN TO ME TO TEACH.
HE LEARNED.
CHNNK!
OF COURSE, HE NEVER GOT AS GOOD AS ME.
THAT'S IT. I QUIT.
FINE.
BUT FIRST, YOU CLEAN AND COOK THE ANTELOPE.

LATER...
PEE-YEWW.!
WHAT'S IN THIS STUFF?
WE USE IT TO MAKE THE HIDE SOFT. COOKED PRONG-HORN BRAINS... URINE--
--STOP. I CHANGED MY MIND. I DON'T WANT TO KNOW.
WHEN ARE WE GOING BACK TO THE REZ?
MAYBE TWO DAYS. MAYBE TWO MONTHS.
WE'LL KNOW WHEN IT'S TIME. THERE'S MUCH LEFT FOR YOU TO LEARN.
WHEN YOU'RE DONE SCRAPING, WE'LL PUT WET WOOD ON THE FIRE AND HANG THE SKINS. MAKES THE HIDE DARKER.
VERY PRETTY.
GREAT. MY NEW MOCCASINS WILL SMELL LIKE SMOKE, BRAINS, AND PEE.
SURE TO BE A HIT WITH THE BABES, COACH.


THERE'S MORE TO THIS OLD WAYS STUFF THAN I THOUGHT.
FOR ONE THING, IT'S PRETTY DARN SMELLY.
"OLD WAYS." IT'S FUNNY. TO YOU, THESE THINGS ARE FROM A HUNDRED YEARS AGO. TO ME, THEY'RE FROM ONLY YESTERDAY.
I'VE NOT BEEN LONG IN YOUR WORLD--YOUR TIME. IT SADDENS ME, HOW MUCH MY PEOPLE HAVE FORGOTTEN.
YEAH? WELL, THE GOVERNMENT MADE SURE OF THAT, MAN. I DON'T EVEN KNOW MY OWN LANGUAGE.
TUROK--WHAT WAS IT LIKE? I MEAN, IN THE OLD DAYS?
WHAT WAS IT LIKE?
LOOK AT THE FLAMES AND LISTEN. I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT YOUR "OLD DAYS"-- MY YESTERDAY.
I'LL TELL YOU THE TALES MY FATHER TOLD ME.
I'LL TELL YOU OF THE LIFE THAT I LIVED.

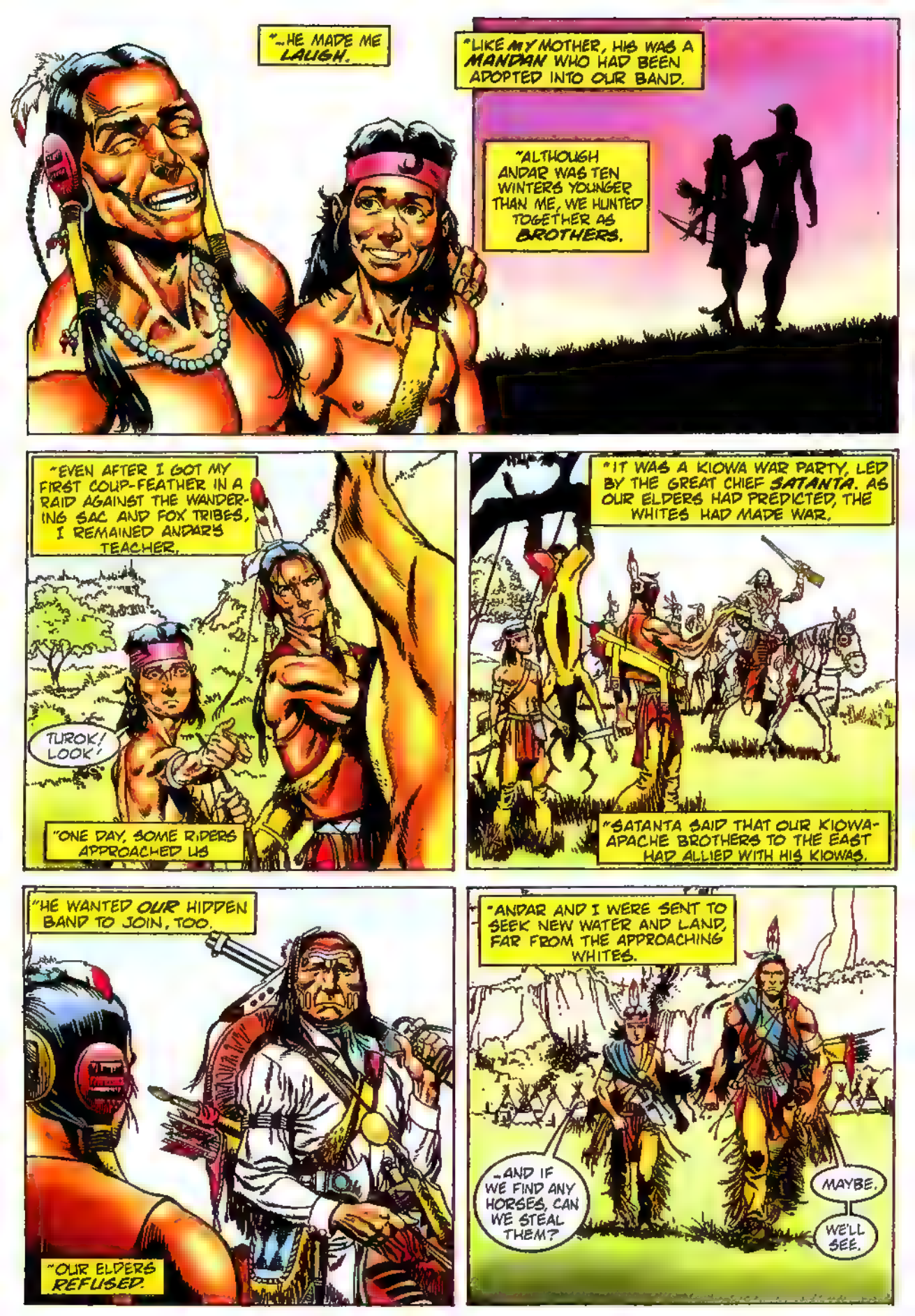
"THE FATHERS OF MY GRANDFATHER WERE CALLED THE CATAKA.
"FOR CENTURIES, THEIR SMALL, PROUD BAND ROAMED THE NORTHERN LANDS-- THE PLACES NOW CALLED MONTANA, WYOMING, AND THE DAKOTAS.
"THEN, ABOUT TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO, A GREAT QUARREL HAPPENED WITHIN THEIR CAMPS.
"TO AVOID BLOODSHED, MY GRANDFATHER'S PEOPLE GATHERED UP THEIR LODGES AND TRADED WITH THE MANDANS FOR HORSES.
"THEN, THEY BANDED WITH THEIR COUSINS THE KIOWA AND TRAVELED SOUTH TO SEEK A NEW HOME.

"IN THE SOUTHERN LANDS, THEY MET THE APACHES. MOST OTHER TRIBES CONSIDERED THE APACHES TO BE FEARSOME ENEMIES.
"HOWEVER, WE LIKED THEM JUST FINE.
"THEY WELCOMED US TO THEIR CAMPS, AND WE RAISED OUR LODGES AMONG THEIRS
"FROM THE APACHES, WE LEARNED MORE ABOUT THE STRANGE WHITE MEN WHO WERE MOVING INTO THE LANDS OF THE EAST AND SOUTH.
"THEY TOLD US THAT THESE WHITES WERE FUN TO TRADE WITH AND TO KILL. BUT GENERALLY, THEY WERE CREATURES TO BE AVOIDED.
"OUR GRANDFATHERS LISTENED TO THIS WISDOM, AND DECIDED TO STAY CLEAR OF THE PALE PEOPLE.
"AFTER SOME TIME, OUR KIOWA COUSINS DECIDED TO PUSH EASTWARD.
"BUT GRANDFATHER'S PEOPLE HAD ALREADY FOUND THEIR HOME. WITH THIS SMALL BAND OF EASTERN APACHES, THEY FORMED A NEW TRIBE--
"--THE KIOWA-APACHES.

"YEARS PASSED, AND CHILDREN WERE BORN TO THE NEW BAND.
"A SON CAME TO A MAN CALLED STONE AND HIS WIFE--A PRETTY MANDAN WOMAN WHO HAD BEEN ADOPTED BY THE CATAKA. THE BOY WAS GIVEN THREE NAMES, SO NO ENEMY COULD GAIN POWER OVER HIM.
"THE FIRST WAS A SECRET NAME THAT ONLY HE AND THE NAMER WOULD KNOW. THE SECOND WAS A NAME THAT THE TRIBE WOULD RECOGNIZE HIM BY--'SON OF STONE.'
"THE LAST WAS THE NAME THAT HIS FRIENDS AND FAMILY WOULD CALL HIM--
"--TUROK."
"I GREW QUICKLY AND I GREW STRONG.
"WHEN I WAS OLD ENOUGH TO PULL A BOWSTRING, I WAS INDUCTED INTO THE RABBIT SOCIETY.
"THERE, WITH THE OTHER BOYS, AND WITH GIRLS WHO WERE THOUGHT TO HAVE 'MANLY HEARTS,' I LEARNED THE ARTS OF HUNTING AND FRIENDSHIP AND WAR.
"I LEARNED MY LESSONS WELL, AND BECAME A SON THAT MY FATHER STONE COULD BE PROUD OF.
"SOON, I WAS BRINGING IN MUCH MEAT FOR ALL TO SHARE.
"ONE DAY, TRAVELERS CAME TO OUR VILLAGE. THEY ALSO HAD THINGS TO SHARE WITH MY PEOPLE.

"THESE STRANGERS SMELLED LIKE IRON AND BAD URINE, AND DRESSED IN A PECULIAR, UNCOMFORTABLE-LOOKING CLOTHING.
"THEY BROUGHT MANY STRANGE GIFTS FOR TRADE.
"THEY SAID WE SHOULD GIVE THEM FURS, WHICH THEY WOULD TAKE TO THE WHITE MEN.
"IN RETURN, THEY'D GIVE US NEW METAL KNIVES, CLOTH, AND A STRONG DRINK WHICH WOULD MAKE US HAPPY.
"FOR MYSELF, I FOUND NO HAPPINESS IN THE LIQUID FIRE WHICH THEY PEDDLED!
"IT WAS A LONG TIME BEFORE I DRANK WHISKEY AGAIN--AND NEVER WOULD I LET IT CLOUD MY MIND.
"SOME SAID WE SHOULD WELCOME THESE GIFT-BRINGERS. OTHERS SAID WE SHOULD DRIVE THEM AWAY!
"WHEN OUR YOUNG MEN GOT SICK AND CRAZY ON WHISKEY, FIGHTS BROKE OUT. THE STRANGERS WERE ORDERED TO GO!
"THAT DAY, MY FATHER AND SOME OTHERS DECIDED TO NEVER DEPEND ON THE WHITE MEN'S TRINKETS AND POISONS.
"OUR BAND SPLIT FROM THE OTHER KIOWA-APACHE. WE JOURNEYED TO THE WEST, WHERE WE FOUND A SECRET, HIDDEN RAVINE.
"THERE, WE PLEDGED THAT NO UNWELCOME STRANGERS --AND NO WHITE TRADERS-- WOULD EVER FIND US!

"STILL, THERE WAS A FEELING LIKE THE EARTH WE KNEW WAS CHANGING. MY HEART GREW HEAVY WITH WORRY AND BITTERNESS.
"I HUNTED ALONE.
"PEOPLE JOKED THAT IT WAS RIGHT THAT I WAS NAMED 'SON OF STONE'.
"MY FATHER AND THE ELDERS WORRIED ABOUT THE SADNESS IN MY HEAD.
"ONE DAY, FATHER CALLED ME TO HIS LODGE.
"HE SAID THE ELDERS FEARED THAT ALTHOUGH I WAS A GREAT HUNTER, I WAS GROWING APART FROM THE PEOPLE AND LOSING THE JOY OF BEING HUMAN.
"THEY WANTED ME TO BECOME A TEACHER...
HELLO, UNCLES!
"...TO A MISCHIEVOUS BOY NAMED ANDAR!
UGGHH!
"YOUR GRANDFATHER ANDAR WAS A JOKER AND A DREAMER, CURIOUS ABOUT THINGS OF NO IMPORTANCE!
EE-YAAH!
"THE OTHER MEN CONSIDERED HIM TO BE UNTEACHABLE.
BETTER THAN LAST TIME THOUGH, RIGHT?
"STILL, THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT HIM THAT I LIKED...


"...HE MADE ME LAUGH.
"LIKE MY MOTHER, HIS WAS A MANDAN WHO HAD BEEN ADOPTED INTO OUR BAND.
"ALTHOUGH ANDAR WAS TEN WINTERS YOUNGER THAN ME, WE HUNTED TOGETHER AS BROTHERS.
"EVEN AFTER I GOT MY FIRST COUP-FEATHER IN A RAID AGAINST THE WANDERING SAC AND FOX TRIBES, I REMAINED ANDAR'S TEACHER.
TUROK! LOOK!
"ONE DAY, SOME RIDERS APPROACHED US
"IT WAS A KIOWA WAR PARTY, LED BY THE GREAT CHIEF SATANTA. AS OUR ELDERS HAD PREDICTED, THE WHITES HAD MADE WAR.
"SATANTA SAID THAT OUR KIOWA-APACHE BROTHERS TO THE EAST HAD ALLIED WITH HIS KIOWAS.
"HE WANTED OUR HIDDEN BAND TO JOIN, TOO.
"OUR ELDERS REFUSED.
"ANDAR AND I WERE SENT TO SEEK NEW WATER AND LAND, FAR FROM THE APPROACHING WHITES.
...AND IF WE FIND ANY HORSES, CAN WE STEAL THEM?
MAYBE.
WE'LL SEE.

"WE WALKED FAR WEST, TO WHAT IS NOW CALLED THE CARLSBAD IN NEW MEXICO.
"IT WAS DRY THERE. WE NEEDED WATER.
"ONE EVENING WE SAW BATS AND FOLLOWED THEM TO THEIR CAVE, HOPING TO FIND WATER AND SHELTER.
"AS SOON AS WE ENTERED, I KNEW IT WAS A PLACE OF GREAT POWER... AND GREAT DANGER.
"DOWNWARD WE WENT, DRAWN BY THE MYSTERY AND DARKNESS...
"...NOT KNOWING THAT WE HAD ENTERED A DOORWAY...
"...TO ANOTHER WORLD...
"...ANOTHER TIME...
"...A LOST VALLEY!
"PERHAPS HERE, IN THIS STRANGE LAND WITH ITS HUGE BEASTS, WE HAD FOUND A FINAL, HIDDEN HUNTING GROUND FOR OUR PEOPLE!

"HOWEVER, WE SOON DISCOVERED THAT IN THIS HUNTING GROUND...
"...IT WAS WE WHO WERE THE HUNTED!

"IT WAS CLEAR THAT THIS LOST LAND WAS TOO DANGEROUS. BUT UPON TRYING TO RETURN HOME, ANDAR AND I DISCOVERED THAT WE WERE LOST!
"WE SOON DISCOVERED THAT WE WEREN'T THE ONLY HUMANS TRAPPED HERE.
"WE SEARCHED FOR A WAY OUT, TO NO AVAIL. IT SEEMED THAT SOMETHING--OR SOMEONE --WOULDN'T LET US LEAVE!
"THERE WERE OTHER TRIBES--TRIBES WHO COULDN'T EVEN REMEMBER WHEN THEY'D FIRST ENTERED LOST LAND!
"FOR YEARS, WE LOOKED FOR A WAY BACK TO OUR OWN TRIBE --OUR OWN WORLD.
"IT SEEMED THAT YOUR GRANDFATHER AND I WERE DOOMED TO REMAIN IN LOST LAND FOREVER. WE'D NEVER FIND A WAY OUT--
"--AT LEAST, NOT TOGETHER.
"ONE DAY, OUR TRAVELS BROUGHT US TO THE VILLAGE OF THE JUNGLE MEN.
"ITS MEN WERE NOT ALL THE TRIBE WAS NOTED FOR!
"HERE, ANDAR MET THE DAUGHTER OF YOUR GREAT-GRANDFATHER, KETH.
"THE YOUNG WARR OR ANDAR GAINED A WIFE--AND I LOST A COMPANION."

"THE STUDENT HAD OUTGROWN THE TEACHER. ANDAR NOW HAD NEW LESSONS TO LEARN--LESSONS OF FAMILY.
"THESE WERE LESSONS WHICH I COULDN'T TEACH HIM.
"I HUNTED ALONE--AND AGAIN BECAME 'SON OF STONE.'
"I CONTINUED SEARCHING FOR THE PASSAGE BACK HOME...
"...UNTIL ONE DAY I DISCOVERED THAT ANOTHER HAD DISCOVERED DOORWAYS INTO LOST LAND.
"THE INVADER'S NAME WAS DR. LAZLO NOEL. HE WAS A STRANGE, SELF-RIGHTEOUS MADMAN WHO MADE SLAVES OF MEN AND PRISONERS OF BEASTS!
"THIS WAS NOT A GOOD THING.
"THE WHITE MEN HAD FOLLOWED US --EVEN HERE!

"ANOTHER WHITE MAN HAD FOLLOWED THE INVADER THROUGH THE TIME PORTAL. HE WAS NOEL'S SWORN ENEMY--
"--THE RED-GARBED WARRIOR NAMED MAGNUS!
"THE PEOPLE OF LOST LAND FORMED A TRIBAL ALLIANCE AGAINST THE INVADER AND HIS MONSTERS. WITH THE MAN FROM THE FUTURE, WE ENDED NOEL'S DREAMS OF EMPIRE!
"ANDAR'S NEW TRIBE JOINED IN THE WAR AGAINST NOEL. IT WAS GOOD TO FIGHT BY HIS SIDE ONCE MORE.
"WE PROMISED THAT WE WOULD SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN...
"...BUT DEEP IN MY HEART, I KNEW THAT THIS WAS THE LAST TIME WE WOULD FIGHT TOGETHER AS BROTHERS."
"HE HAD LEARNED WELL THE LESSONS I HAD TAUGHT HIM.

"AGAIN I WANDERED, FRIENDLESS AND ALONE, MY HEART ON THE GROUND...
"...UNTIL, ONE DAY, YET ANOTHER VISITOR CAME TO LOST LAND.
"HER NAME WAS ERICA PIERCE. SHE WAS HARDLY A STRANGER TO MY TIMELESS PRISON...
COME, MY BEAUTIFUL ONE...
...LET MY HEART BE YOUR HOME.
"...SHE WAS ITS CREATOR... ITS 'MOTHERGOD.'
"ERICA SOUGHT TO UNITE THE TRIBES WHICH SHE HAD COLLECTED FOR LOST LAND. THOSE WHO RESISTED WERE DESTROYED.
"NO LONGER WAS I A HOMELESS REFUGEE I WAS A WARRIOR AGAIN. MY HEART WAS HARD.
"ERICA HAD GIVEN ME A PURPOSE.
"SHE HAD GIVEN ME A TRIBE.'

"IN TIME, ERICA'S WAR TRAIL GREW LONGER AND MORE TWISTED.
"ITS SHARP PEBBLES BECAME SPLATTERED WITH TOO MUCH BLOOD ...AND TOO MANY QUESTIONS.
"MY HEART GREW HEAVY WITH THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE THINGS THAT SHE ASKED ME TO DO.
"MY ENEMIES CALLED ME 'TRAITOR OF LOST LAND...'
"...WHILE BEHIND MY BACK, EVEN MY FELLOW WARRIORS CALLED ME 'MOTHERGOD'S DOG.'
"BLOOD AND LONELINESS HAD AGAIN TURNED ME INTO THE 'SON OF STONE.'
"HOWEVER, STONES CAN BE CRUSHED...
"...AND CHAINS CAN BE BROKEN.
"ONE DAY, I REALIZED WHAT I HAD BECOME...
SUUHHKK!
"...AND I THREW OFF THE FALSE MOTHERGOD'S BEWITCHMENT FOREVER!

"THE *DOG* BECAME THE *WOLF*.

"I WOULD SOON DISCOVER THAT THE FALSE MOTHERGOD'S MAD SCHEMES REACHED FARTHER THAN I'D EVER SUSPECTED-- *BEYOND* LOST LAND, INTO *TIME ITSELF!*

"*LOST LAND* BECAME A BATTLE-GROUND, AS *CHAMPIONS* FROM OTHER TIME-WORLDS JOINED IN AN ATTEMPT TO THWART ERICA'S INSANITY.

"IT WAS DURING THIS TIME THAT I MET *ARCHER AND ARMSTRONG*, WHOM MOTHERGOD ONCE COMMANDED ME TO *SLAY*...

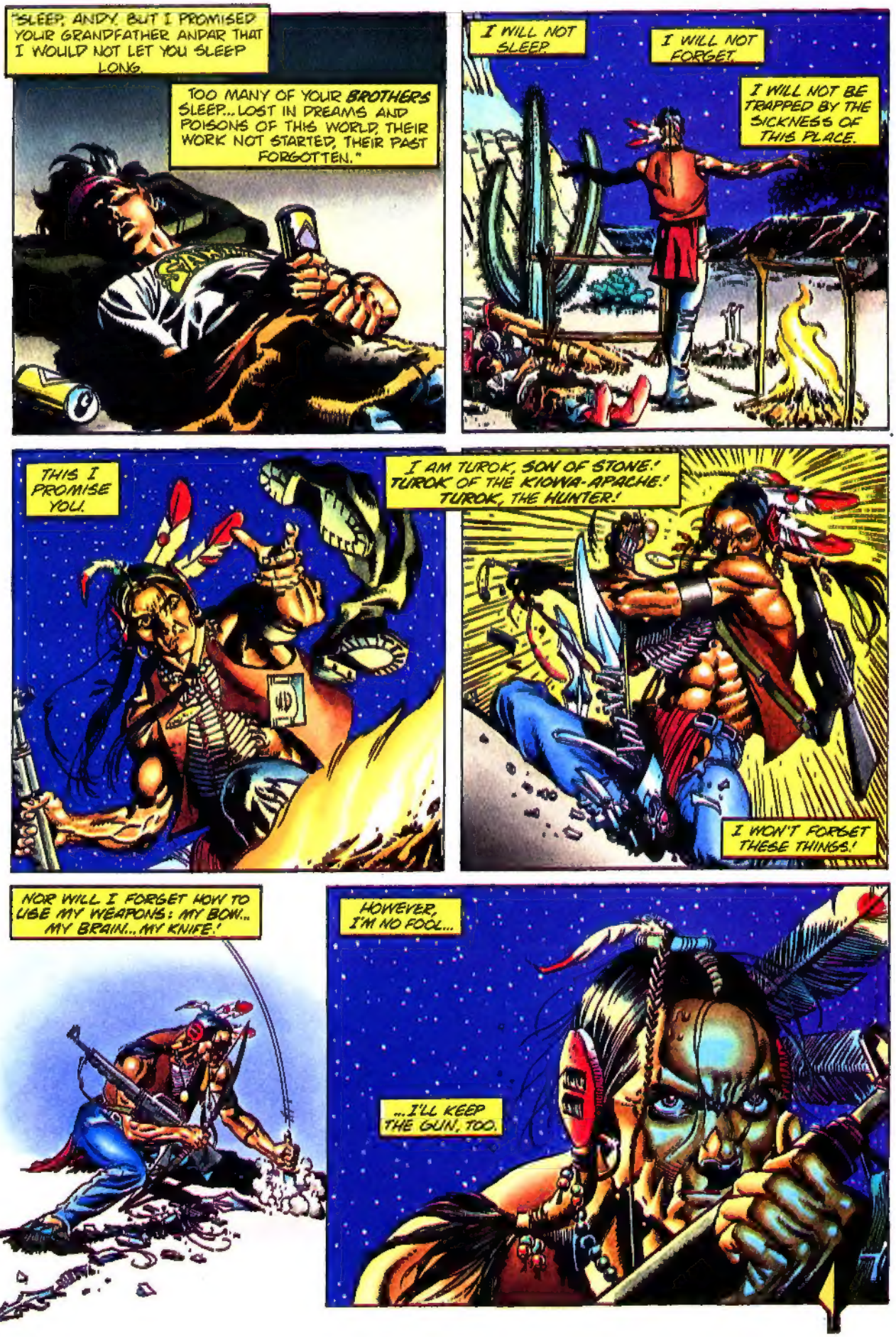
"... AND MY ESTRANGED BLOOD-COMRADE *ARIC*, THE IMMORTAL *MANOWAR!*

"FINALLY, IT BECAME CLEAR THAT THE ONLY WAY TO DEFEAT ERICA WAS TO DESTROY *LOST LAND* ITSELF, AND *SEND HOME* THOSE WHOM MOTHERGOD HAD GATHERED TO POPULATE HER NEW WORLD.'

"LOST LAND'S CREATURES WERE CARRIED AWAY IN THE GREAT FLASH! *MOST*-- LIKE YOUR GRANDFATHER *ANDAR*-- WERE TRANSPORTED BACK TO THEIR RIGHTFUL TIMES.

"AS FOR *ME*...

...I WAS BROUGHT HERE... TO THIS LAND, FAR FROM MY OWN TRIBE AND TIME.
YOUR WORLD, ANDY.
NOW, LOST LAND EXISTS AGAIN, JUST BEYOND MOTHERGOD'S TIME PORTALS. PERHAPS MY OWN TIME-- MY OWN PEOPLE--CAN BE REACHED THROUGH THOSE SAME PORTALS.
CAN I RETURN TO MY PEOPLE? WILL I EVER CHOOSE TO?
THIS I CANNOT ANSWER. NOT YET.
SOCIAL SECURITY
123
TUROK
9123
TUROK
SIGNATURE
THIS WORLD HAS CHANGED ME, ANDY. I DO NOT BELONG TO THIS TIME--AND NOW...
...I'M NOT SURE THAT I BELONG TO MY OWN, EITHER!
ALL MY LIFE, I'VE BEEN USED. BY GODS. BY FRIENDS. BY GOVERNMENTS.
NO MORE! NOW, THE DOG FINDS HIS OWN TRAIL. I--
--OH.
ZZZZZZZZZZ


"SLEEP, ANDY. BUT I PROMISED YOUR GRANDFATHER ANDAR THAT I WOULD NOT LET YOU SLEEP LONG.
TOO MANY OF YOUR BROTHERS SLEEP... LOST IN DREAMS AND POISONS OF THIS WORLD, THEIR WORK NOT STARTED, THEIR PAST FORGOTTEN."
I WILL NOT SLEEP.
I WILL NOT FORGET.
I WILL NOT BE TRAPPED BY THE SICKNESS OF THIS PLACE.
THIS I PROMISE YOU.
I AM TUROK, SON OF STONE! TUROK OF THE KIOWA-APACHE! TUROK, THE HUNTER!
I WON'T FORGET THESE THINGS!
NOR WILL I FORGET HOW TO USE MY WEAPONS: MY BOW... MY BRAIN... MY KNIFE!
HOWEVER, I'M NO FOOL...
...I'LL KEEP THE GUN, TOO.

TUROK AND ME

By Tim Truman

I'm an unusual guy.

Many writers and artists in the comics business get into the field with an urgent, overwhelming compulsion to work on their favorite characters. I've actually heard more than a few young creators tell their editors something like: "I don't care what you pay me—just let me work on Spiderman or Batman!"

Now, this reasoning is fine with me. I've seen many of these young 'uns go on to become fan favorites, and they've done fine work in the field.

As for me, and a few other folks I know, I got into comics for one reason, mainly: to create new characters and tell their stories. I tended to follow artists and writers, not particular titles or characters.

However, I have to admit that deep within me lies a frothing, gibbering fanboy. I try to deny him. I try to hold him at bay. But he's there, seething, smelling of old newsprint, just below the surface of my ego.

At times, that slumbering fanboy has been called forth to work on some projects that seemed to surprise more commercial-thinking creators and fans. Eclipse Comics offered me a chance to revise, redesign and edit the Golden Age heroes Airboy, Valkyrie, The Heap, and Skywolf. The fanboy in me said: "Hey! Fred Kida, Alex Toth, and John Belfi worked on these guys!" So I jumped at the chance.

Later, a true gentleman named Gardner Fox mentioned to me that we ought work on a John Carter of Mars-type story together. Gar died before we could do the story together, but as a tribute to him I wrote and drew HawkWorld, a three-issue deluxe-format series for DC. The series won a CBG award here, an award for best comic in Spain, and gave me a chance to honor the memory of Gar Fox and the artistry of Joe Kubert. When I revised and renewed the old pulp character The Spider, my true fanboy impulses really came to fore. I did it simply because I liked the character, and thought he had potential as a "revisionist" hero in the mold of the Grimjack stories that John Ostrander and I had done.

I had the idea to adapt the outdoor drama "Tecumseh" (originally penned by one of my favorite historians and writers, Allan Eckert) to comics form. I did, and had a blast.

I accepted a chance to interpret the lyrics of my favorite songwriter, Robert Hunter, into comics stories for *Grateful Dead Comics*, and had the rare pleasure of having legendary guitarist Jerry Garcia compliment my work. More importantly, the adaptations led to a continuing friendship and affiliation with Hunter, with whom I am currently creating a single issue horror-SF story, Dogmoon, for Vertigo Comics.

With Vertigo, I've also worked on Jonah Hex. At first I thought it was due to the fact that favorite novelist and good buddy Joe R. Landsdale was doing the writing. Then my personal inner fanboy reminded me that I had once actually dressed as Monsieur Hex for a wild Kubert school birthday party that I once threw! *Oh no...!*

Heck, I even drew the Lone Ranger once, earning the enmity of none other than right-wing loony Rush Limbaugh. Another chance to work with Landsdale, I thought. Then the inner fanboy whispered: "Yes, but didn't you learn to draw by copying the character off the TV set when you were five-years-old?"

Which brings us to *Turok*.

Yes, I've always loved the character. While I had a stash of costumed superhero comics in my closet as a child, my taste actually ran more towards adventure and horror titles. Old Turok was a favorite, not only because of the character, but also because of the wonderful art by the late, lamented Alberto Giolitti. The Italian artist has always been a favorite, and was a huge influence on my own style. The chance to work on *Turok* and pay tribute both to the long-running Native American character and to Giolitti was too hard to resist.

I had maybe twenty of the original *Turok* stories—not enough to qualify me for entry into the *Turok* fan club, but certainly all that I could find when I was growing up in West Virginia and Ohio. *Turok* is one of the only titles that I'd never trade to friends back during the days when collectors did such things.

I'm known for my portrayals of Native Americans—most prominently with Scout, the aforementioned Tecumseh!, the recent Lone Ranger and Tonto and my historical books Wilderness and Straight up to See the Sky (a history textbook describing frontier and Native American life on the Ohio River frontier). I'm honored to have many Native American fans among my readership. I've always tried to portray Native Americans in an appealing, realistic way, but without patronizing them, and with a

true sense of their various and varying cultural traditions. So doing *Turok* gave me a unique opportunity to bring an established "Indian" hero into the '90s. So far, I've really enjoyed myself, working on *Turok* as the regular writer and "continuity consultant."

Due to my other ongoing commitments, a few other writers have stepped in from time to time to do various fill-in issues, with each writer doing a good job and adding their own ten cents' worth to the *Turok* mythos. As for myself, I've tried to keep the character true to his '50s-'60s Western Publishing origins, while expanding upon the framework that his original Valiant writers put him within. (Mainly, the "Mothergod created Lost Land" thing). It's been a challenge and lots of fun. From time to time, I've made some errors along the lines of the original Western Publishing concept, but the good members of the official *Turok* fan club have always been kind in helping me out and setting me straight, and have watched as I tried to set things right and redeem myself in subsequent stories.

A few of my *Turok* issues once won a prestigious parent's choice award, and of that I'm quite proud. Other writers tend to portray Turok as a little grimmer, heavier, and bloodier than I usually choose to. Now, God and my regular followers know that I'm indeed capable of some pretty heavy, bloody stories (did you know the modern comic catch-phrase "grim and gritty" was originally coined by Mike Gold in the Grimjack letter column?) But for some reason, I keep Turok's stories less violent, stressing "action-packed adventure" over "foreboding entrails-snapping violence." I try to make Turok a noble, inspiring hero (as opposed to a noble savage). I've tried to put a bit of complexity in his background, but only enough to make the character interesting and "motivated." When I'm doing the book, look elsewhere for the angst-ridden psychodrama. *Turok* is meant to be a fun thrill-ride with interesting, appealing, (and, yes, subtly evolving) characters.

Along the way, I've had the pleasure of working with some very talented artists, two of whom are Sam Glanzman and Howard Simpson (I'll give Howard a public thanks here for his wonderful portrayals of my late father and my esteemed uncle "Wannie" as the rough and ready "Dillard Brothers" in *Turok* last year. Good job, Howard!). But, with all respect to Howard and Sam, the two guys with whom the old creative-chemical-pie get the most steamy are Rags Morales and Paul Gulacy. Getting fresh pages to script every week from these two guys is truly a heady, inspiring experience. With them, we've finally made headway in establishing Turok solidly within the Acclaim/Valiant universe.

With Rags and Paul on deck, we hope to continue to give you stories full of pure action, fun (and, yes, sometimes even a little angst). I'll be taking breaks from time to time, but rest assured that ye editor Maurice will make sure that Turok is in good hands. Thanks for being with us for this issue and for the regular series. And keep those cards and letters comin' in, y'all! This closet fanboy's waitin' on 'em!

-Timothy Truman

DEDICATIONS

-Rags Morales

"I would like to give my wholehearted thanks to George Poolaw Sr. and his son, George, for their time, patience and exuberance in helping to gather information on their great Kiowa heritage. Tim and I are eternally grateful to them and hope that our small contribution to the Kiowa and Kiowa-Apache Nations can help to shed light on a fascinatingly beautiful culture . Ah-Ho!"George Poolaw Sr. is the former vice-chairman for the Kiowa Tribe of Oklahoma. His son George is owner of Gray Wolf Comics in Bethany, Oklahoma.

-Bill Dunn

I'd like to dedicate my small contribution to Turok #0 to the memory of my mother Edith Barbara Dunn.

-Tim Truman

Dedicated to the memories of: The great Alberto Giolitti, my Cherokee great-grandmother "Little White Basket," and especially to my father, Rev. Wilmer W. Truman (a.k.a. "'Preacher Dillard'").

Bibliography:

The Kiowas by Mildred P. Mayhall

The Mystic Warriors of the Plains by Thomas E. Mails

Reader's Digest-America's Fascinating Indian Heritage

The Native Americans-The Indigenous People of North America
By Colin F. Taylor and William C. Sturtevant

The Native Americans-An Illustrated History
Turner Publishing Inc.